



# LIFE



• REA IRVIN •

JANUARY 11, 1923

*Beyond the Three-mile Limit*

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# Hotels Statler

Buffalo - Cleveland - Detroit - St. Louis

A new Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is now building at Buffalo, to open early in 1923; 500 additional rooms will be added later.

There will be another HOTEL STATLER in the Park Square district of BOSTON.  
It will have 1100 rooms and 1100 baths; opening date to be announced later.



I'M a Statler chef. It's only once in a while that I show myself in the dining-rooms—but don't think I don't know what's going on there. As a matter of fact I see most of the food that goes out of my kitchen, after it leaves the ranges or broilers and before it gets to you. We work under instructions that don't provide for alibis or arguments (you have probably seen them; they have been published in some of our ads); the guest just has to be pleased with every dish he gets, or the chef's in for trouble. That's clear and satisfactory; all we have to do is see that things are right—or, if something *does* slip, make it right immediately. I like that policy—just as any good chef would.

# Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*

## An Ode to Diagnosis

IN nicer days a poet's lays were naively applauded  
Or we twittered at embittered cynic wights,  
We heard with awe the word of Shaw, or Lesser Brains  
without the Law,  
And the antics of Romantics were delights.

We never chid what writers did within the realms  
subliminal;  
How they roistered when thus cloistered no one cared  
Until we learned that all our Art was crassly criminal  
at heart,  
When the Motives of the Masters had been bared.

We hold the keys to what disease afflicted poor Euripides,  
And minus his complexes, Dante wasn't worth a damn;  
We don't yet know whose libido set Avon's brilliant  
Bard aglow  
But Brilling over Bacon may explain the Famous Ham.

Show the hyper-cultured classes any poet on Pegasus,  
And after flings at equine wings they'll walk away  
annoyed,  
For their prompt protest, of course, is that aeroplaning  
horses  
Should be stabled with the fables by a veterinary Freud.

Yet to-day they're digging deeper than the Symbols of  
the Sleeper,  
And the Jungsters are rejected as the merest pioneers.  
Now they'll measure any artist's skull, to tell you if his  
talent's null—  
And they fit a writer's mitre to the dome above his ears.

A poet with a soaring pate may hope to be the laureate—  
An honor only Nordics may attain—  
But the mad pursuit of beauty must be futile in its booty  
If he's got the wrong container for his brain.

He'd be writing better sonnets if he needed bigger  
bonnets  
As a baby—which is maybe sadly true;  
He'd have been a finer scrivener if his mother could have  
given her  
Time to observations in the Zoo.

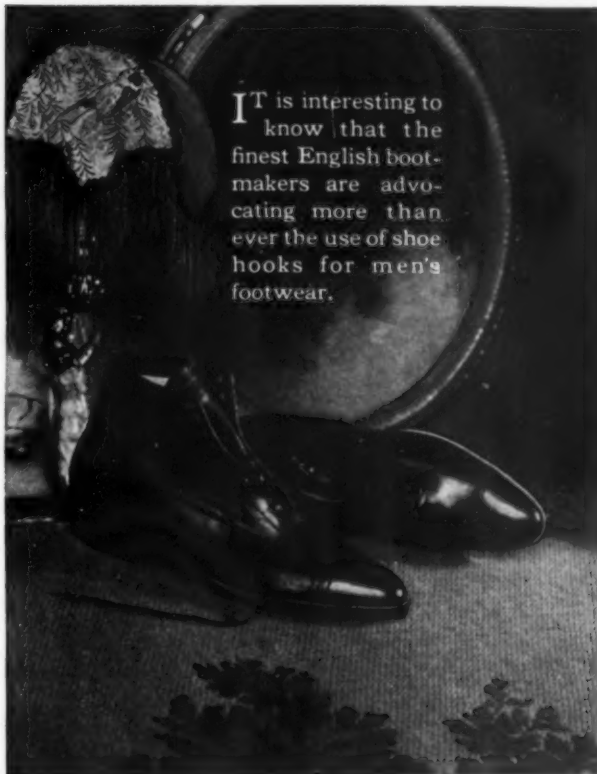
And still another critic school will demonstrate a man's  
the tool  
Of Destiny secreted by his interstitial glands,  
That it's Thyroid, not Thesaurus, which may titillate or  
bore us  
When we hold a brand-new novel in our hands.

Oh, let's Havelock for Ellis and this other jealous crew!  
Let us twine again the laurel and the bay!  
Forget a ditty's just a gland—have pity, give a guy a  
hand:  
And gather your Neuroses while ye may!

C. P. I.

## Really Astonishing

TEACHER: Now, children, tell me the most wonderful  
thing you know.  
JENNY (earnestly): How my papa can make a living  
for our family.



IT is interesting to know that the finest English boot-makers are advocating more than ever the use of shoe hooks for men's footwear.



"A well written Life is almost as rare as a well spent one."

Essays.

*Life*

on the contrary tries to present a well written LIFE every week, while his subscribers will qualify as to the well spent. They certainly are cultured, charitable, well informed people, who take an interest in public affairs, and show that normal habit of cheerfulness to be expected in view of LIFE's Laugh on Every Page. Better join our association for a year and see for yourself, or try our

### Special Offer


Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40).  
Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.  
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One year \$5

Canadian \$5.80

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(87)



'Twixt foot and shoe a  
stocking must withstand  
a mighty stress. Pound!  
Grind! The long stout  
strands of Phoenix woven  
silk give utmost resistance  
to wear. And they mini-  
mize destructive friction.  
That is the reason why  
Phoenix hosiery has be-  
come the standard of the  
world—and furnishes to  
men, women and children  
long miles of luxurious  
travel at small cost. Test it  
now—'twixt foot and shoe.

# PHOENIX

## HOSIERY





# Life

## An Invitation

SHALL I go in and eat and sit  
And drink alone the acrid wine,  
Where all the cracklings of my wit  
Will fall on no one's ears but mine?

We may not give a tinker's dam  
For friendship in the usual sense,  
But no one makes an epigram  
Unless he has an audience.

It's far from jocund to dine or  
Alone, and sip our smuggled drink;  
There's too much empty time for doubt,  
And too much tendency to think.

If I can find in this dull town  
One single chirping, merry wight,  
Then be he saint or sage or clown,  
His name is Falstaff for to-night.

R. N.



The Skeptic



## Mrs. Pep's Diary

**January 6th** My heart exceeding heavy all morning over the casting up of my accounts, and mayhap I must use Sam's Christmas cheque to make myself solvent instead of for the bauble at the jeweller's on which I had set my heart. . . .To luncheon at an inn with Marge Boothby, and when mashed potatoes came with my flounder *Dinard* instead of the Julienne prophesied by the headwaiter, I felt like having the law on the establishment. . . .To the matinee of a piece called "Rain," first rate throughout, and the South Seas settings did make me long for a habitat in some remote country, away from taxicabs and telephones and the financial aftermath of Christmas, albeit were I given one I should probably quit it in a few hours. . . .To dinner with the Wainwrights, and thence to the Montmartre for dancing, and I struck with the pathetic efforts of the patrons to be gay at any price, which in this case was considerable, and was reminded of Mrs. Browning's statement that a holiday of miserable men is sadder than a burial day of kings.

**January 7th** My depression continuing, I fared forth to seek (*Lord's Day*) comfort from divine service, but Lord! the clergyman's theme was the bearing of one another's burdens, and I in no mood to increase my own load, and with no heart to impose any of it even on a foe. And so home to consult the horoscope which Miss Adams writ for me, and decided, with Brutus, that the fault lay in me, not in my stars, forasmuch as one passage stated that my

every aspect, however adverse, was blessed with those mitigating circumstances which the world calls "luck." Greatly cheered thereby. . . .To supper at Gwen Grey's and found her new apartment, done by a decorator, full of tin and feather flowers, with innumerable candle-flanked tables placed precisely under mirrors. And in one large dish of wax fruit I did behold a pair of grape scissors, which, methought, was holding the mirror up to nature with a vengeance.

**January 8th** Early up, and very wroth, upon unwrapping the Decameron I ordered for Sam's birthday, to find the edition all wrong. Whereupon I posted it back to the bookseller, knowing full well that Sam would ill relish a Boccaccio pruned of his piquant indelicacies. . . .To a draper's to search for cretonnes, and saw there a piece of eyelet-embroidered serge which so fascinated me that I bought it, albeit God knows I do not need any more apparel. Nor did I mention it to Sam, neither, he being sufficiently impressed with my lack of thrift to threaten tying me to a trust fund to prevent my dying in the workhouse. . . .Nina Lockwood, who has been in Europe these five years, to tea with me, her face so empty and unlined that I could not swallow her accounting for the two scars beneath her ears with the tale of a motor accident. The face specialist who cut away her wrinkles must have removed her sense of humor at the same time, for I hear that she now attempts to pass her child Lydia off as her step-daughter. It isn't only conscience that makes some of us cowards.

B. L.

## Not for Publication

(A Drama of Business Methods In One Act)

Scene: Office of a theatrical producer.

Time: Afternoon.

Characters: Newspaper reporter; theatrical producer.

PRODUCER: And you may also say for me that I am utterly opposed to collusion between managers and speculators in the sale of theatre tickets. It is a traffic which, I believe, strikes a blow at the vitals of the theatre. It must be wiped out. I want the public to know that I will do my utmost to end it, so be sure to get that into your story of this interview. Make it as strong as you can. Emphasize it. Say that I brand it as an iniquitous practice. I think that will be about all I have to say, young man. Glad to have met you and if there is anything I can do for you at any time—

REPORTER: Well, I've been trying for the last two weeks to buy a pair of tickets for "Scrambled Eggs" and if you could fix it at the box office so that I can get them for Thursday night—

PRODUCER: You know we're sold out for six weeks ahead, but—  
(Breaks off and lifts phone receiver off hook. Speaks into instrument.)  
Miss Kerry! 'Phone Maury's Ticket Agency and tell them to send back two tickets down front for "Scrambled Eggs" for Thursday. Yes, that's right. The name is Blone, Mister Blone. (Turns to reporter.) All right, young man. They'll be at the box office in your name any time you want to pick them up. Good afternoon.

(CURTAIN)

J. K. M.

## For a Wise Child

ACT as you will to nurse and maid;  
To stand bad treatment they're well paid.

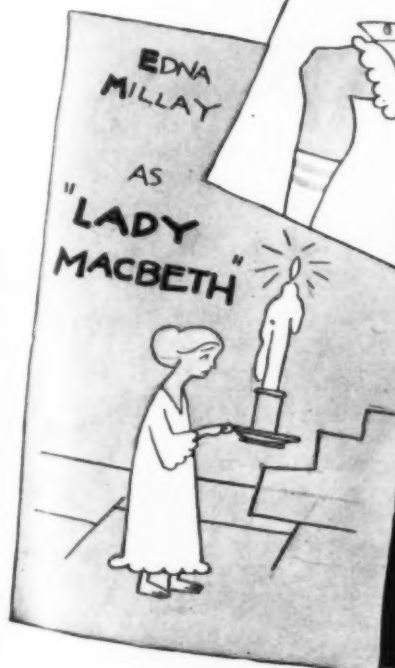
But if you're wise, by hook or crook  
Keep in the graces of the cook.  
Then, when your parents do you hurt  
By saying "No! No more dessert!"  
You can slip quietly downstairs,  
Where "Darling Cook" will draw up chairs,

And you will find yourself in clover,  
Eating the best of what's left over.  
Always be kind and generous to  
Those who may be of use to you.

G. K. D.



REA-  
IRVIN



### Parts for Poets

Suggested by the rumor that Bliss Carman is playing Bill Jones, in "Lightnin'," through the Canadian provinces.





Mrs. Binx: Horrors! That isn't the way to make coffee.  
New Cook (heavily): What is it the way to make?

## The Bumblepuppy Home

*For Indigent Auction Whist Players.*

MOODY'S Statistical Service reports that of 1000 adults dodging motor cars at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, 884 think they play auction.

Further investigation by the Roger B. Crabson Institute shows that .007 per cent. of these deluded persons play the game.

The others play at it.

Fully 3,000,000 Americans are wandering around as homeless and irresponsible as our Ambassador to the Court of St. James', because they learned from the wrong book how not to play auction.

To provide for the 100 most deserving cases of auctionitis there has been established The Bumblepuppy Home. Candidates for admission will be selected from the following classes:

The partner who insists on playing all the hands.

The player who leads away from an ace-queen against a suit bid.

The cheery optimist who overbids the opponents "just to push them up a bit."

The merry jester who announces, "One weak no-trump."

The absent-minded player who always deals, bids, passes, or plays, out of turn.

The pessimist who asks either, "Why did you assist my declaration?" or, "Why didn't you advance my bid?"

The player who defends an unsound bid by saying, "Well, I thought I had to say something."

The player who studies all the auction books, and mixes up the conflicting systems of bidding.

The superior person who doesn't believe in conventions, but bids and plays according to impulse.

The player who knows all about the game from reading the auction column in the Sunday newspapers.

The expert who always wins, except when he or she draws a poor partner. Most partners are of this kind.

W. G.

### "Two and a Half and Up"

"Room and a Bath for Two and a Half!"

That's handed me many and many a laugh:

If they have them at all it must be for the staff.

"Two and a Half and Up."

Arrive in the morning, at noon or at night,  
They're always all taken—the clerk's in a plight,  
But they've had my wire; they'll fix me all right,  
Not Two and a Half but UP.

G. K.



## Excess Baggage

WITH so much family behind him, you would expect Bobby Greshame to have either much wealth or none.

The noes have it.

In fact the problem of reaching Muriel Grey's country place for that glorious week in November had been a trying one for Bobby, and its solution had entailed parting with the watch his grandfather had given him just before the old gentleman had departed for a kill-or-cure sanitarium. He was not cured.

In return for the watch Bobby had received twenty-eight dollars and a piece of paper on which was printed, among other things, the precise rate of interest insisted upon by a far-seeing and careful uncle.

However, the week had been worth the sacrifice.

Muriel had never been so engaging; she had come to the point of accepting Bobby a dozen times and, unless you wanted to quibble about such things as a ring, virtually she was engaged. Bobby was not one to quibble.

Muriel's father had been particularly cordial. Not once during the entire week had he asked Bobby where he was not working at present. Anyone who knew old Simon Grey would realize that the sacrifice of his favorite pleasantries meant much.

So, sprawled comfortably in the chair in Mr. Grey's drawing-room, Bobby surveyed the scudding landscape with peculiar satisfaction. He even decided, looking occasionally upon his dozing travelling companion, that there might be worse fathers-in-law, albeit not much worse.

It was just as well, Bobby decided, that old Simon Grey did not know to what lengths, or depths, he had gone to procure the money with which to pay his railroad fare. Such knowledge, he reflected, would ruin what now seemed a bright future. But, of course, there was no one but himself who knew—and he could keep his own counsel, even when deep in his flasks.

Thus deep in contentment he fed his thoughts until the train rolled into Grand Central Station.

Mr. Grey woke with a start.

"Want you to come up with me and have a sniffer," he growled. "Car's outside. Should be, anyway. Sup-



"Isn't the Near-East problem perfectly thrilling!"

"Well, I suppose so, but of course, out in Columbus we're more interested in the Middle West."

pose you run ahead and see if Simmons' on Vanderbilt Avenue, Bobby. Leave me the checks and I'll have a porter attend to the baggage."

With great alacrity Bobby dug into his coat pocket and handed his prospective father-in-law the oblong pasteboards.

"Three! Right?" he asked.

"I had two. You're one?" countered Mr. Grey. Receiving an affirmative nod, "Right," he growled. "Trunks always a damn nuisance."

Treading on air, Bobby sifted through the crowd in the station and made his way to the Vanderbilt Avenue entrance. He saw the Grey leviathan, hailed it and stood waiting as the car warped into the driveway.

His hand crept idly into his coat pocket. Still idly, it fastened on something. Then it froze into rigidity. The something was oblong.

Slowly, in dull horror, Bobby fished it out. It was a baggage check. But he had given three to Mr. Grey. Surely there was not a fourth. No, he decided grimly, there was not. It must have been something else.

And that—

Only one thing in Bobby's world resembled a baggage check in shape and substance. That was a printed slip of many numbers and explicit conditions. That was the card of the universal uncle.

The Grey car slid to a stop as Bobby pondered on this. He leaned toward the chauffeur.

"Tell Mr. Grey I couldn't wait, Simmons," he said. "Tell him I glanced at my watch and realized that I barely had time to keep an appointment."

J. K. M.

## Life



## Lines

IT'S a question whether the anthracite supply or the temperature will be the first to get down to zero.

⌋

Lloyd George has now become a regular contributor to the Hearst papers. Right on up the ladder!

⌋

The police are out to dry up Broadway, but it puts a good many cases on the blotter.

⌋

Of course the Ku Kluxers hold klandestine meetings.

⌋

It is reported that Walter Camp receives fifty cents a word. That makes his All-American team worth \$5.50.

⌋

The Ford Presidential boom is another triumph for auto-suggestion.

⌋

Harvey's wise cracks over there look like foolish breaks by the time they reach here.

⌋

It is reported that Dan Beard, the well-known naturalist, is writing a book about Beavers.

⌋

The 1923 goloshes are like cantilever bridges. They don't buckle in the middle.

⌋

The professor of Biblical literature at William Jewell College has been dismissed for his radical views. The college is situated in Liberty, Missouri.

⌋

The first annual clearance sale has been announced. The price of radium has been cut \$50,000 a gram.

⌋

The battle-cry in Washington now seems to be: "Don't give up the ship subsidy!"

⌋

Lots of American tourists could never get back if they had to give the words of "The Star Spangled Banner" to the immigration officials at Ellis Island.

The American Ambassador to Italy has written a drama, but it will probably be dismissed as Child's play.

One thing about auto-suggestion: It is practically the only suggestion the average man will take.

⌋

The composer who opened the door to jazz music must have thrown away the key.

⌋

Photographs easily explain why there is no likelihood of Siki's name being pronounced "Psyche."

⌋

Literary Note: An amusing delineation of American peculiarities is to be found in "They Call Me Carpenter." It was written by a French pugilist.

⌋

Manufacturers estimate that 2,750,000 diaries will be started the first of the year, of which number the Hearst publications will probably reprint about 2,100,000.

⌋

The toughest job in the world: Approximating the number of revolutions a pork roast makes in a rotisserie window before it is done.

⌋

Attorney-General Daugherty, probably, would be just as happy if a late frost killed the impeachment crop.

⌋

Between the Russian baths and the Turkish baths, European politics seems to be continually in hot water.

⌋

In a Western town members of the fire department captured a bootlegger. While they were responding to a still alarm?

⌋

From the latest interview with the Sultan of Swat comes the information that he is just "home folks."

The plain, unvarnished Ruth!

⌋

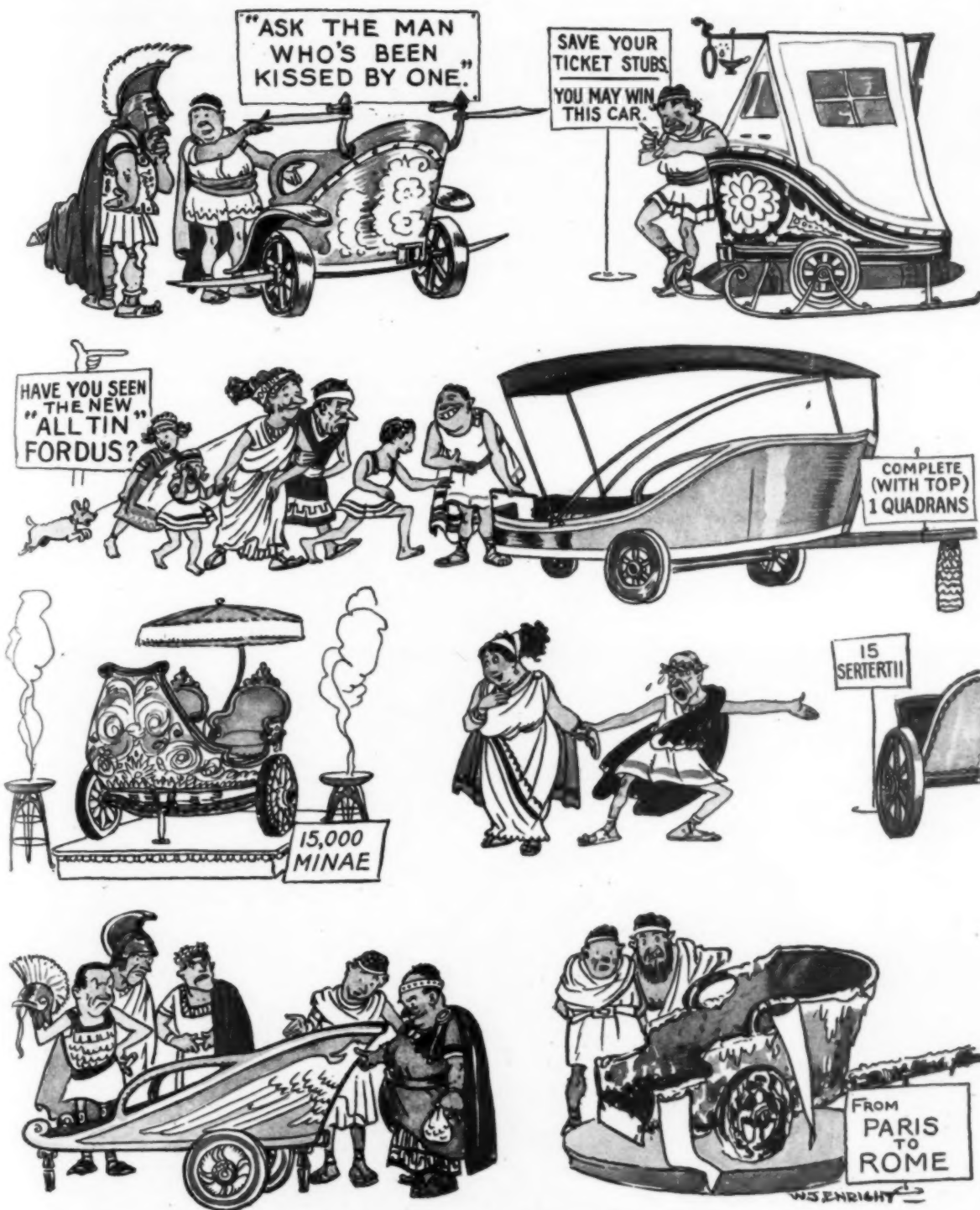
Pinchot, Borah, La Follette—all may run for President in 1924. But who's going to crawl for Vice President?



Old Bill Nickel

"When the minister of the colored Baptist Church died, after a lingerin' illness, an' was given a big funeral, Newt Sperry said it reminded him of a swell black-burying party."

The Turk is no less terrible; the Kemal government has introduced a compulsory marriage law.



**To Be Seen at the Annual Show**  
(From the Chariot Section of the Rome Roman, 14 A. D.)

1. *The Medusa*, for general battling. Complete with extra set of blades, bloodguards, etc.
2. *The Janus-Julius* all-year, all-element car. A novel feature of this design is an attachable set of elephant shafts for Persian going.
3. *Tin*, the new metal from Britain, has enabled the makers of the new *Fordus* to offer an unusually attractive vehicle to the man with a limited income.
4. The last word in Greek luxury. The 2 Arabian h. p. *Elysium*.
5. "Swift as a *Diasus*" is indeed a splendid slogan for this new silent *Gracchus*. Consul body on a *Spartacus* chassis.
6. Many will be eager to inspect this *Vercingetorix* after its record-breaking trip that required a maximum consumption of 12 horses and 5 drivers.



## My Husband Says



HAT he owes a man some money and, anyhow, every one is pleased with a little social attention, and said we must ask the Pugsley-Steltons to dinner.

They spell their name that way—with a hyphen in the middle. They are awfully fastidious, and have a butler and everything. We have no butler, but I thought we could, at least, have things artistic.

I think every one should do that. One's environment means so much.

So I planned the dearest table decoration.

I filled a big flat bowl with water to look like a lake, and I walked ever so far to get some lovely wet moss to bank around it.

Then I put in a red gold fish and a yellow one.

I just hate to touch raw fish, they are so slimy; so I used a fork and a spoon to transfer them to the bowl.

During dinner one of them died and floated on top of the water.

My husband said it made him sick to look at it, but I didn't mind, for it was the red one that died, and it faded out to a heavenly shade of pink.

The Pugsley-Steltons did not care for any salad or dessert and they had another engagement and went home early.

L. B. S.

## Almost Chemically Pure

NEARLY every one has tried during the last few years to be a 100-Per-Cent. American. That many of us have failed is due not so much to lack of effort on our part as to the terribly high standards set by the 100-Per-Centers. Since we have done our best, we feel that those who have tried and failed should be given some recognition, and to that end we ask public support for the League of 99.44-Per-Cent. Americans.

To give you an idea of what the League stands for, here are a few of its articles of belief:

"It might be just as well to omit the third stanza of 'The Star Spangled Banner,' because nobody knows it anyway."

"We admit that grand opera in our own language has not been very successful."

"The pauper labor of Europe sometimes makes pretty good merchandise."

"Some of our best friends are immigrants."

"Living under a democratic form of government is a priceless privilege, but there are certain annoyances."

"The government at Washington still lives, but we can't quite explain why."

If you can subscribe to these articles, you are qualified to become a 99.44-Per-Center in good standing. Send in your application.

S. K.



Pursued Rumrunner (who has had to sink his cargo): But how'll we ever find it again, Pat?

Pat: Make yer mind aisy about that, Cap. I opened the bung.





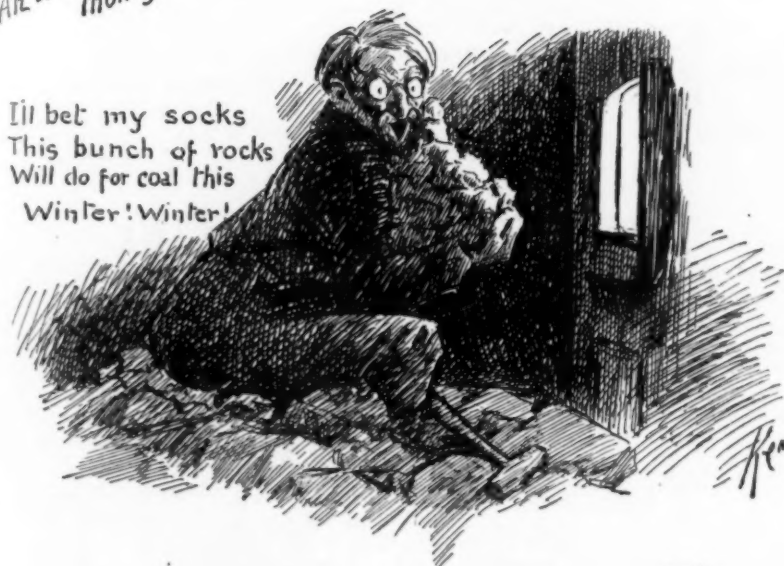
I'll strike ter-day  
An' duck me pay  
An' thin oi'll hev more  
money: money!



With this tail-plate  
As sure as fate  
I'll run just like a  
flivver: flivver!



Wid all dis tin  
As sure as sin  
I know I'm gittin'  
Richer: Richer!



I'll bet my socks  
This bunch of rocks  
Will do for coal this  
Winter! Winter!

As I'm a sinner,  
Ter smell this dinner  
Will make me ten pounds  
Fatter: Fatter!



I really think  
On this red ink  
That I am getting  
Fuller: Fuller!



I'll bet, b'gob,  
Wid this door-knob  
That I kin make an  
Om'let: Om'let.



Simply a Question of Affirmations  
(With Apologies to Doctor Coué)

## The Young Reciter

**SCENE:** The drawing room of a doting young mother at tea time. There are about half a dozen more or less fashionable ladies present.

**DOTING MOTHER** (rushing to greet a famous actress, who has been brought by a mutual friend): Oh! how wonderful to have you come, no one admires you more than I do.

**THE ACTRESS:** Oh, it's very charming of you to say so.

**DOTING MOTHER:** And I'm so anxious to have you hear my little boy recite, because I think he's going to do something in your line, and I do so want to know what you think. Of course he's very little and awfully shy, but I'm going to try and get him to say one of his little pieces for you. But you must have some tea first.

**THE ACTRESS:** Thank you, I won't take any tea.

**DOTING MOTHER:** No tea! Well, I suppose you don't eat when other people do—I think that must be the hardest thing about acting, having to have your dinner so early. Well, I'll see if I can get Reggy to say his piece for you. Parkins, will you tell Martha to ask Mary to tell Susan to bring Master Reggy down? Tell her to say I have some lovely cakes for him.

**THE ACTRESS:** How old is your little boy?

**DOTING MOTHER:** Oh, he's only five, but we think he's quite wonderful; his father wants him to be a lawyer, but I think if he has a decided gift for acting it ought not to be stifled. He is such a mimic, he gets the furnace man's walk exactly, he made us roar with laughter the other day.

**THE ACTRESS:** A comedian evidently.

**DOTING MOTHER:** Well, of course the furnace man is funny, but I'm so fond of Shakespeare myself, I should love to have him do *Hamlet* or *Romeo*.

(Enter Reggy. He backs into the room, ramming his head into a young footman who is struggling to bring him.)

**DOTING MOTHER:** All right, Parkins, thank you. Reggy dear, say how d'you do to the ladies, this lovely lady speaks pieces just like Reggy.

**REGGY:** Speak a piece.

**DOTING MOTHER:** Oh! Reggy, that's rude, I want you to speak for this lovely lady.

**REGGY:** I want a cake!

**DOTING MOTHER:** Well, you say your little piece and then you shall have one of those lovely cakes.

**REGGY:** I want two cakes.

**DOTING MOTHER:** All right, two



"Cheese it, Georgie! Hurry up and get it together—yer brother's comin' up the stairs!"



*Mother Centaur (to son): Be quiet, Tommy. Every time I try to wash your face you start buck-jumping.*

cakes, now begin, Reggy, "On a Mossy Bank."

REGGY: I want pink cakes.

DOTING MOTHER: All right, pink ones. Now—darling, "On a Mossy Bank, a little violet."

(Reggy buries his head against her knee.)

DOTING MOTHER: What is it, darling?

(He whispers something.)

DOTING MOTHER: He doesn't like the hats, it's funny he's always been afraid of hats, would you mind taking your hats off?

(There is a mild protest from one or two ladies but the hats are removed.)

DOTING MOTHER: Now, sweetheart, no more horrid hats.

(He whispers again.)

Oh, he doesn't like so many faces, would you mind turning round?

(The ladies all turn away.)

Now Reggy, no more horrid—no more faces. "On a Mossy Bank, a little violet"—(He whispers again.) He says he has a bank, yes, a big orange bank—what, darling? He

says he has two dollars in his bank. Now you say your piece, darling, and you shall have three pink cakes. "On a Mossy Bank," that's right, darling, "a little violet grew." That's it.

(No sound is heard except the promptings of the Doting Mother.)

Yes, three large cakes, "Seen by Fairies," no, not pies, darling, "seen by Fairies' eyes"—Now the second verse. "Underneath the tall"—no, not shoe-blacks, darling, "sumacs," not so fast, dear—yes, that's it. "Mr. Winter now has come, snow and"—no, not ice cream, dear. A little louder, precious—well, say it so that Mamma can hear. That's it! that was fine Reggy! (To the ladies.) You can turn round now—oh yes, he's said it all.

THE ACTRESS (putting on her hat and saying good-by): I shall be so interested to hear whether it is to be the furnace man or Hamlet.

DOTING MOTHER: If he only wasn't so shy, he really does it best for the servants. If you could come and hide in the kitchen sometime you could hear him splendidly.

B. H.

## Her Husband Pinched

"I DIDN'T spend a cent this week,"

Announced the little bride.

Her husband pinched her pretty cheek

And beamed on her with pride.

But hubby could not fail to see

New pearls about her neck.

"I didn't spend a cent," said she;

"I paid for them by check!"

Then hubby, stunned, could only mark

The diamonds in her ear.

Her voice was happy as a lark—

"I had them charged, my dear!"

Her hubby stared and dared to say,

"Whence comes this ermine coat?"

"Oh, that—I got it yesterday.

I simply signed a note!"

"I didn't spend a cent this week,"

Announced the little bride.

Her husband pinched her pretty cheek

And tanned her lovely hide.

J. R. M.





JANUARY 11, 1923

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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**I**N a letter about the state of Europe an observer writes to **LIFE**: "I cannot go all the way with France in these days. *She has poor leaders. So have most nations to-day. What's the answer?*"

That is a pressing question. It is true that the leadership in the nations to-day is disappointing. Kemal seems a great figure of a sort; perhaps Mussolini is a great figure, though that is not determined yet; the sinister Lenin is a great figure, but whether ultimately for good or bad is still mooted; but not of any of these is the leadership yet approved, though it may be feared.

And in the other nations one looks in vain for master statesmen. In our own public life, who is there active that shows great power, discernment, vision? We have some good men in public office, some very able and devoted men, but since Roosevelt died and Wilson broke down, affirmative, progressive leadership has sagged. There are good men in England, very good men, but Lloyd George is out, and judging by present appearances, is likely to stay out, his power to help the world being exhausted for the present. And in France it is as our correspondent says. And in Germany not any better. Here is the world in a very bad pickle and no heads of supermen rising above the crowd to help her out of it.

What is the answer? It may be that there are great leaders coming who are not in sight yet. Or it may be that civilization is going to be saved this time not so much by great leadership of individuals as by the penetration of the minds of multitudes of men by ideas and beliefs

that presently will change the world and bring order out of chaos. That there are such ideas at work in the minds of the mass of men there is no doubt, but they do not yet dominate governments. The same class of minds still in great measure exercise the governmental powers in the world that held them eight years ago. The powerful men of the old order have not yet been turned out. The significant thing about them is that their inadequacy is so widely realized. The job they face is too big for them, and everybody knows it, and knows it better and better and with more impatience every day.

So the answer to our correspondent's question is that the current world is wiser than its leadership—that its instincts beat the brains of its present rulers and that we may expect presently to see those instincts find expression in government.



**P**ENDING this consummation there is an unusual amount of political disorder; people pinched by the facts of current life, seeking remedies and disposed to try the quacks. We had a great lesson in the war in the process of organization and advertisement. They are now very generally understood and are used in forming bunches of people who think they have got an effective idea, and run together to push it. The country is full of bunches and blocs, pushing and scheming towards the development of purposes that can be tried out in a presidential election. The Republican party is full of mutineers. The Democratic party escapes a like condition by being out of power. Voters mutiny against government, not against an Opposition.

The state of the Church is much the same. The great religious community is full of seekers looking for light, persuaded that there is more for them in Christianity than the old Christian organizations can give them for the moment, and earnest and untrammelled in their search for what they want. The political voters say one to another—this government we are getting is not good enough. It does not do its job either in the country or in the world. It restrains and restricts us too much, takes too much out of us and gives too little back. It runs to whims; to exploded policies, to timidities. We must make something better.

The seekers in religion say the churches are zealous. They are doing the best they know how, but they are cramped by the conditions of their job. The ministers have to squabble about details of creeds; as to whether it is politic yet to admit hypotheses that are generally accepted, or whether it is necessary to hang on for a while longer to obsolete formulas. Having only moderate command-of spiritual powers, the churches spread themselves on organization and relief. They are going through a process of getting new light and it is hard on them.

The encouraging thing about all this turmoil, political and religious, is that it is so general. We seem all to be more or less conscious of it, more or less affected by it. There cannot be a new era without birth pangs, and it is with birth pangs that humanity is aching now, and not with the pains of an impending dissolution.

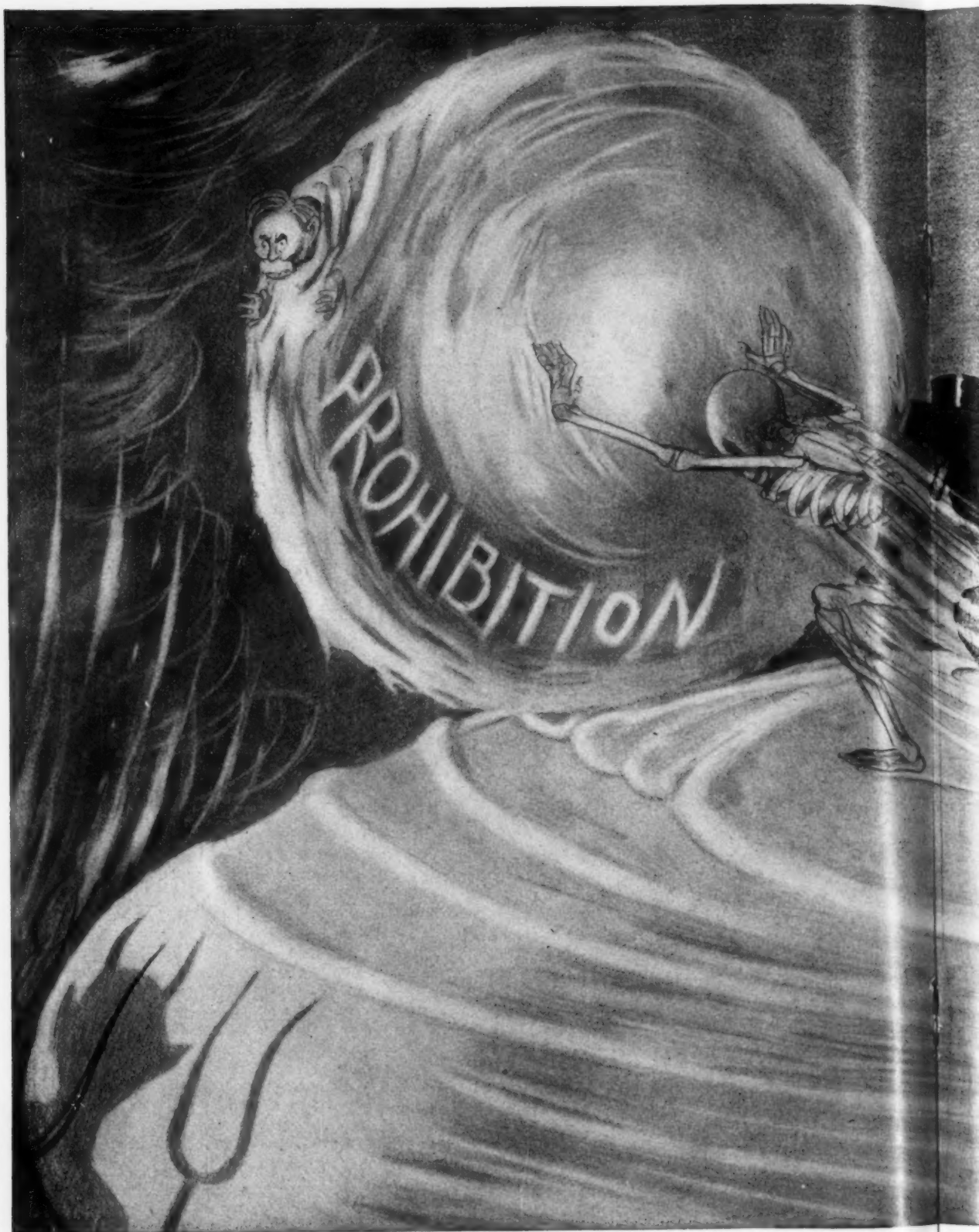
So cheer up, and go along into the new year with what patience is necessary, but with large expectations. The worst may still be to come, but beyond it is a better world.

E. S. M.

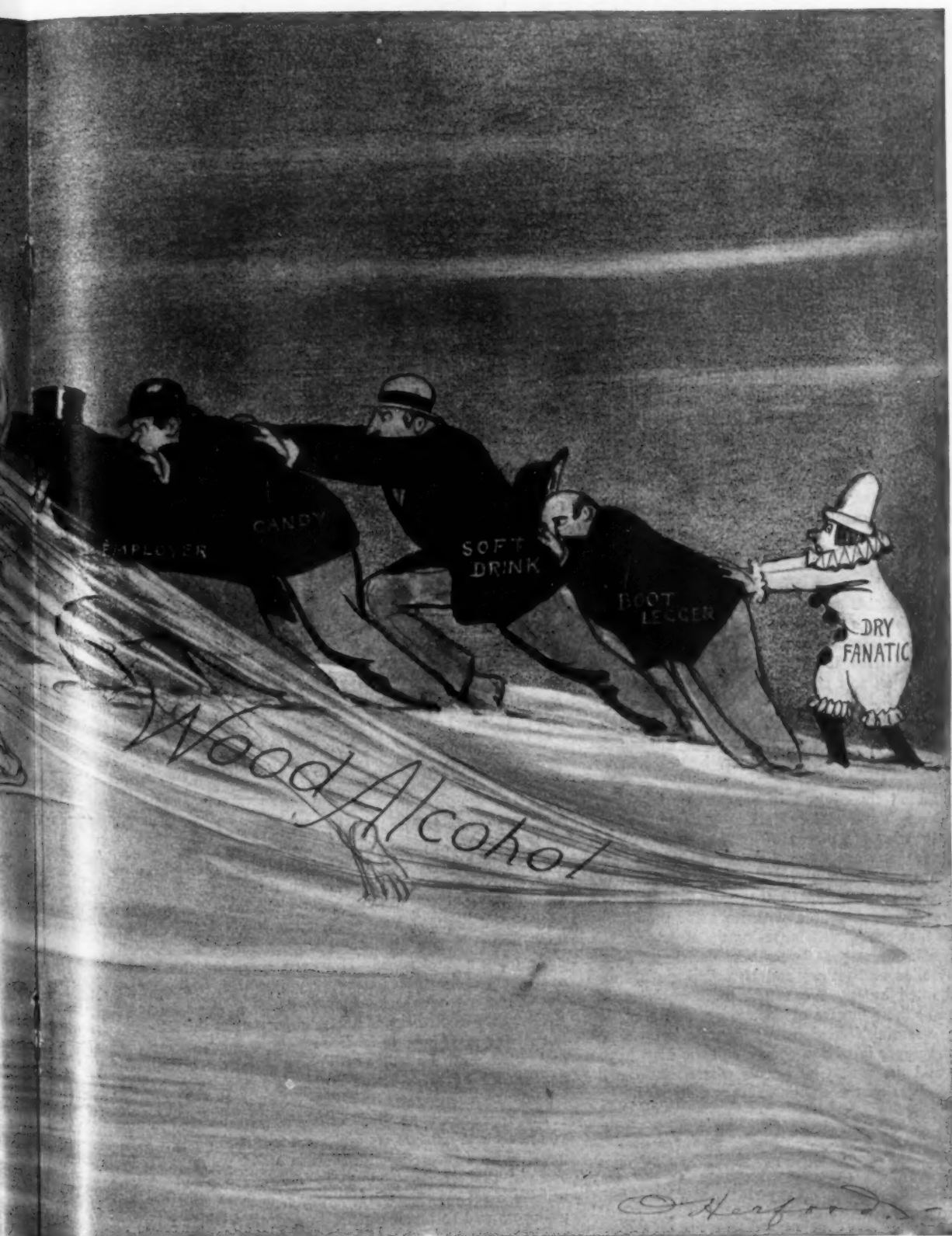




The Dove Returns.



Pushing It Along







### Confusion Reigns

WE were seated around the table at Beamish's, when suddenly the conversation turned to the theatre. Sir Beerbohm Tree, who had, up to that moment, sat in silence, looked slyly from one to the other as they talked and then, as he rose to go, said: "Well, gentlemen, you never can tell."

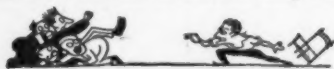
This remark of the noted wit comes back after all these years with a new force as we survey the batch of plays under discussion this week. You certainly never can tell, as Sir Beerbohm Tree once said to me. And furthermore, when the impression made by a particular play on the reviewer is so dependent on the mood of the reviewer on that particular night, the task of telling which is good and which is bad becomes well nigh impossible. Therefore, we aren't going to do any review this week. It is too hard. There have been too many plays lately.



SINCE writing the above, we have been informed by the Editor that we are going to write a review this week. It seems that we have been paid for it in advance, and we have got to do something in return for the money; either write a review or do card tricks or something. All right, a review it is, and you may see for yourself what we are up against.

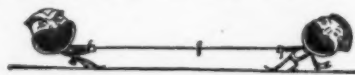
For instance, eight plays opened at once on Christmas night. That in itself is enough to depress anyone, let alone a reviewer (which no one ever, by any chance, seems to do).

Then we attend three plays in succession, "Gringo," "The Red Poppy" and "The Masked Woman," all of them perfectly adequate pieces of playwriting, as such playwriting goes, and are impressed by nothing so much as the fact that we are in a warm theatre where actors and actresses are making believe that they are Mexicans or *apaches* or *demi-mondaines*, with no more illusion of reality for us than the Santa Clauses on the street-corners. The same week we attend "Johannes Kreisler," where trick scenery slips and totters and Ben-Ami chokes, and we are enchanted by it. We refuse to hear the stagehands snapping their fingers at each other and shut our eyes to the essential ridiculousness of one scene's appearing in the upper left-hand corner and the next in the lower right and the next God knows where, like the illuminated numbers on the Public Library callboard.



OF COURSE, there may be something in the fact that "The Red Poppy," at any rate, was a lot of mill-remnants, no matter what mood you saw it in. Estelle Winwood, who can create as good an illusion as anyone when she has something to work on, couldn't do so very

much with such lines as "It isn't the clothes you wear, it's what beats underneath that counts." And we might as well have it understood right now that the Dooleys have spoiled any serious *apache* dance that may be attempted from now on. Especially fatal to the dignity of the occasion is it to play the same *apache* music as that to which William and Gordon used to fling each other about the stage.



OUTSIDE of the fact that it gives Lowell Sherman a chance to do one of his eccentric deaths, "The Masked Woman" might just as well never have been brought out to complicate the already crowded week. Helen Mackellar is appealing, but what of it?

Just one word more about "The Masked Woman." At one point in the play John Halliday asks Miss Mackellar if she has ever been in this room before. She says "No." We meant to have spoken to her about it at the time, for, unless these old eyes played us a trick, we remember having seen Miss Mackellar in that very room set in the second act of "Back Pay" last year. Mr. Woods has done some redecorating, but we would know that impressive entrance to the dining-room anywhere. It always seems to be used for riotous parties given by wealthy debauchees for their lady-friends. Ah me, if those old walls could talk!



AS we said before, we were impressed by "Johannes Kreisler" in spite of the fact that the most important thing about it was its scenic arrangement, whereby forty-one changes are made in the three acts. There is no use in our trying to explain how it is done, because we haven't the slightest idea, except that it has something to do with the lighting and some gadget arrangements which make quite a little noise. However, there are the forty-one scenes and some of them very beautiful, too, and, on the whole, a marvelous achievement.

The story of *Kreisler* is not so important as the scenery, but it was good enough to depress us in splendid fashion and, what with the ballet of Fokine's and the occasional appearance of Miss Lotus Robb, it made up a highly stimulating evening.

But, there again, as Sir Beerbohm Tree once said to me, you never can tell. If we had gone to "The Masked Woman" when we were in a susceptible mood, we might have thought that stimulating, too. We never should have written a review this week, anyway, with so many plays piling up and so much confusion and all. Our advice is really worth nothing under these conditions.

R. C. B.



# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**The Fool.** *Times Square.*—The New Testament in ten-twenty-third.

**Gringo.** *Comedy.*—Predatory love-making and mining in Mexico. "The Bad Man" 1923 model.

**Hamlet.** *Sam H. Harris.*—John Barrymore making Hamlet human.

**It Is the Law.** *Ritz.*—Type A. Reverse-action mystery play.

**Johannes Kreisler.** *Apollo.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Last Warning.** *Klaw.*—The last word in trick murder drama.

**Listening In.** *Bijou.*—Showing that you can push an ectoplasm too far.

**The Love Child.** *George M. Cohan's.*—Several French emotions on the loose.

**Loyalties.** *Gaiety.*—A real play, acted as it should be.

**The Masked Woman.** *Eltinge.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Merchant of Venice.** *Lyceum.*—To be reviewed later.

**The Moscow Art Theatre.** *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Famous Russian actors in repertoire.

**Rain.** *Masine Elliott's.*—Jeanne Eagels in thrillingly strong medicine.

**Romeo and Juliet.** *Longacre.*—Ethel Barrymore as the first of the season's Juliets.

**R. U. R.** *Frazee.*—An intensely interesting fantastic drama dealing with the probable extinction of mankind.

**Six Characters in Search of an Author.** *Princess.*—Metaphysics made palatable by a cleverly-handled dramatic stunt.

**The Tidings Brought to Mary.** *Garrick.*—To be reviewed next week.

**Will Shakespeare.** *National.*—To be reviewed later.

**The World We Live In.** *Forty-Fourth St.*—Insects showing up the human race in spectacular style.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic.*—Denounced continuously as cheap by this department since last May but apparently unconscious of the fact.

**The Awful Truth.** *Henry Miller.*—Ina Claire and Bruce McRae in conversation very easy to listen to.

**The Egotist.** *Thirty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

**Fashions for Men.** *Belmont.*—O. P. Heggie in a superior comedy by the author of "Liliom."

**Give and Take.** *Forty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed later.

**Kiki.** *Belasco.*—Lenore Ulric as the perennial cocotte.

**The Lady Christilinda.** *Broadhurst.*—To be reviewed later.

**Merton of the Movies.** *Cort.*—Glenn Hunter as the exceedingly appealing hero of the dramatized story.

**The Old Soak.** *Plymouth.*—Pleasant words for liquor from Don Marquis.

**The Red Poppy.** *Greenwich Village.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Rose Briar.** *Empire.*—To be reviewed later.

**Secrets.** *Fulton.*—To be reviewed later.

**So This Is London.** *Hudson.*—Another comedy which, under the continued scorn of this department, has become the biggest money-maker in town.

**Why Men Leave Home.** *Morosco.*—Bed-room comedy with a covering of moral.

**Why Not?** *Forty-Eighth St.*—To be reviewed later.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Better Times.** *Hippodrome.*—Just emerging from the pile of children who swarmed down during the holidays.

**Blossom Time.** *Century.*—A chance to hear some real music.

**The Bunch and Judy.** *Globe.*—A lot of good people in the cast (the Dooleys, the Astaires and the Six Brown Brothers) but not much to work with.

**Chauve-Souris.** *Century Roof.*—The fourth and last bill of these successful Russian entertainers.

**The Gingham Girl.** *Earl Carroll.*—All right without being anything extra.

**Glory.** *Vanderbilt.*—To be reviewed later.

**Greenwich Village Follies.** *Shubert.*—Good to look at. Savoy and Brennan and Jack Hazzard furnish the laughs.

**The Lady in Ermine.** *Ambassador.*—One of those.

**Little Nellie Kelly.** *Liberty.*—It moves fast, at any rate.

**Liza.** *Daly's.*—Negroes in a whirlwind.

**Music Box Revue.** *Music Box.*—Gorgeous, and gradually getting better, they say.

**Our Nell.** *Nora Bayes.*—Hick melodrama with music.

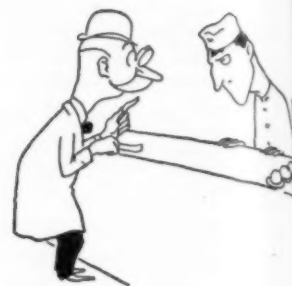
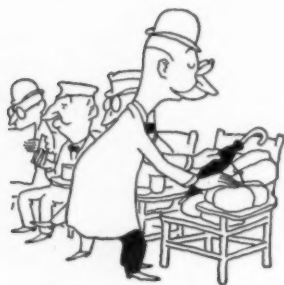
**Sally, Irene, and Mary.** *Casino.*—A genuinely popular show.

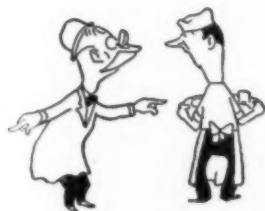
**Up She Goes.** *Playhouse.*—Very pleasant fare.

**Ziegfeld Follies.** *New Amsterdam.*—You know what the Follies are as well as we do.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY  
No. 56. Mr. Alfred Dunhill takes out his naturalization papers.





GLUYER  
WILLIAMS



**I**N the days of Pendennis (chorus of mixed voices—"What the blazes do you know about the days of Pendennis?") it was the custom to have published by Hook or Crook—the English antecedents of Doran, Holt, Putnam and Companies—a book of one's poems. This book established one as a Younger Writer and entitled the author to all the privileges and immunities of the day—the then equivalents of a soap box at Wanamaker's and buckshee *hors d'œuvres* at the . . . . Hotel.\*

As we go deeper into the twentieth century, it is apparent that the spirit carries on though the form has changed. Still at it, the Younger Writers' efforts display less verse and more versatility. For the most part, they aren't taking themselves too seriously. Which in itself is Progress.

Aside from them all, and in the inner temple, stands Robert C. Benchley smiling enigmatically. Occasionally he permits us to believe he is laughing at himself. Then we have a book such as "Love Conquers All" (Holt).

If you are waiting for anything belittling about "Love Conquers All," stop right here. . . .

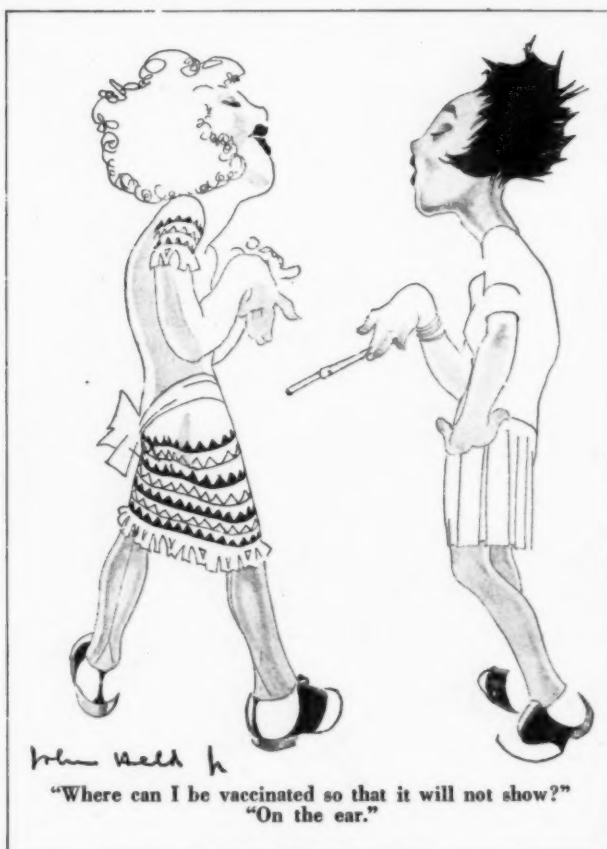
You might just as well go out and buy it and find out what most of the Younger Writers in the wake of Mr. Benchley are trying to do. For Mr. Benchley undoubtedly leads the field and sets the mark. And he does it by going quietly about his own business and making his own observations. You can take them, or—well, you know how we feel about it. Add to Bartlett's Familiar Quotations: "A little more Benchley, Uncle Sam."

Like "Of All Things," "Love Conquers All" covers a wide range of common experience. It contains much helpful advice on meeting vital issues such as chess matches, spring

\*Name supplied on request.

planting and the Silesian problems, and includes a judicious number of comments on books.

Perhaps too young to be the Dean of American Humorists, Mr. Benchley is easily the President of the Senior Class, the Captain of the Crew, the holder of the McWhimsey Scholarship and the one Big Man on the Campus. And oh, yes—in case you don't know, Mr. Benchley is also a member of this club.



"Where can I be vaccinated so that it will not show?"  
"On the ear."

**"NINE HOLES OF GOLF,"** by Royal Cortissoz (Scribner). Several years ago the present writer in reviewing Viscount Grey of Faloden's "Fly Fishing," drew a comparison between books on golf and those on fly fishing. He remarked that there were almost no poor books on the latter subject and that the average golf book, by contrast, had all the wild interest of a cold New England boiled dinner.

He should have stated it differently. The right man hadn't written the golf book.

In "Nine Holes of Golf," Mr. Cortissoz has become the Viscount Grey of Golf. A more delectable record of courses, costumes, clubs (both organized and manual), states of mind, companions and, best of all, duffers cannot be imagined.

Lest some one should think this is a "how" book such as the experts turn out, let us hasten to say that it is nothing of the sort—that it is, at heart, a lyrical, philosophical panegyric on every aspect of the game.

Mr. Cortissoz is a terrible man with whom to play Kelly pool. For the benefit of the chaste and the unco' guid, Kelly pool is a low, betting game played on a green baize pool table.

On the cover of his book is the picture of a perfect stymie. That's what happens to anyone who attempts to play Kelly with him, and, at the same time, hopes to win.

Were the writer to receive a beautiful invitation from him to play the Scarsdale Course he would at once refuse, knowing that even a friendship of years could not withstand seventeen consecutive stymies.

**"WHAT PROHIBITION HAS DONE TO AMERICA,"** by Fabian Franklin (Harcourt, Brace). The title of this book evidently should have

been: "What America Has Done to Prohibition." It is a mistake to say that Prohibition has been tried and has failed. It has not yet been tried, except in a spasmodic, half-hearted way that has proved nothing. The advocates of the Eighteenth Amendment were warned that to suppress home-brewing and liquor-smuggling would require a force of 1,000,000 officials. This

(Continued on page 29)





"Gin a body meet a body      Gin a body kiss a body  
Comin' through the rye,      Need a body cry?"

### It Didn't Do Any Good

**A**N earnest young West Virginian, who had been misled by the stories of profits to be made from chicken raising, complained sorrowfully to a neighbor that his hens wouldn't lay.

"Feed them moonshine," suggested his friend.

A few days later the neighbor happened to be passing the farmhouse where the boy lived, and stopped to ask him how the experiment was working.

"The hens are layin' fine," the boy told him, as gloomily as ever. "But paw has took to suckin' the eggs."



### The Word "Moron"

THE word *moron* has been worked to death. Almost everybody has used it in referring to most of the remainder of the human race, and, of course, in using it, has signified that he does not consider himself one of 'em.

So many people have used it, that we cannot help wondering who is left to constitute the moron class. If ninety per cent. of the population considers the other ninety per cent. moron—

The truth is that there are so many persons declaring themselves out of the moron group that it is almost a distinction to be known as a moron these days. Morons are almost as scarce as were privates in our recent war.

A Broadway manager announced not long ago that no morons would be admitted to his production because he was certain it would be over their heads, and the next day the hospitals were jammed with people of low intelligence who were injured in the crush to get into the theater.

As we understand it, a moron is a person who is supposed to possess the intelligence of a twelve-year-old child. For insulting purposes, this seems to be pretty liberal. After all, it seems tame. Isn't there a word which will cover a person with the intelligence of a two-year-old baby?

The whole trouble with the word *moron* is that so many persons are so uncertain whether or not they have more than twelve-year-old in-

telligence that in their nervous indecision, and just to be on the safe side, they have rushed over and joined the non-moron crowd and started to cry "moron" blatantly at everybody else. Insults lose their vigor when they thus become universal.

Why can't we go back to the good old-fashioned word *idiot*? There isn't anything equivocal about it. Fewer people will wonder if it includes *them* and fewer people, therefore, will hasten over to join our little group of serious insulters.

D. H.

If a man tells a woman that she is beautiful and her mirror tells her the opposite, she believes the man—and buys a new mirror.

### The Poet's Handicap

"WHEN 'Omer smote 'is bloom-min' lyre"—

(True, that quotation's quite played out,

But that's the time that I suspire About),

The names of Homer's lovely ladies Were as mellifluous as Hades,

But tell me, whose

Can I enthuse

About?

To Amaryllis I'd proclaim

My deathless love in thunder tones

But that, alas! her other name

Is Jones.

Reader, I put it to you plainly—

Say, *could* a name be more inanely

Devoid of thrill

Than Amaryl-

Lis Jones?

And Boadicea! To my mind,

At thought of her, brave phrases come;

But then her other name, I find,

Is Blum.

Though I admit it with confusion,

To me that means but disillusion. . .

The mere idea!

True, "Boadicea,"

But—Blum!

"But why," you ask, "this loud distress?

Marry some girl and change her name!

Poet, are not *you* more or less

To blame?"

You would be right, but ah! this rhymers

Was born Adolphus Hrubelheimer.

Now, am I such

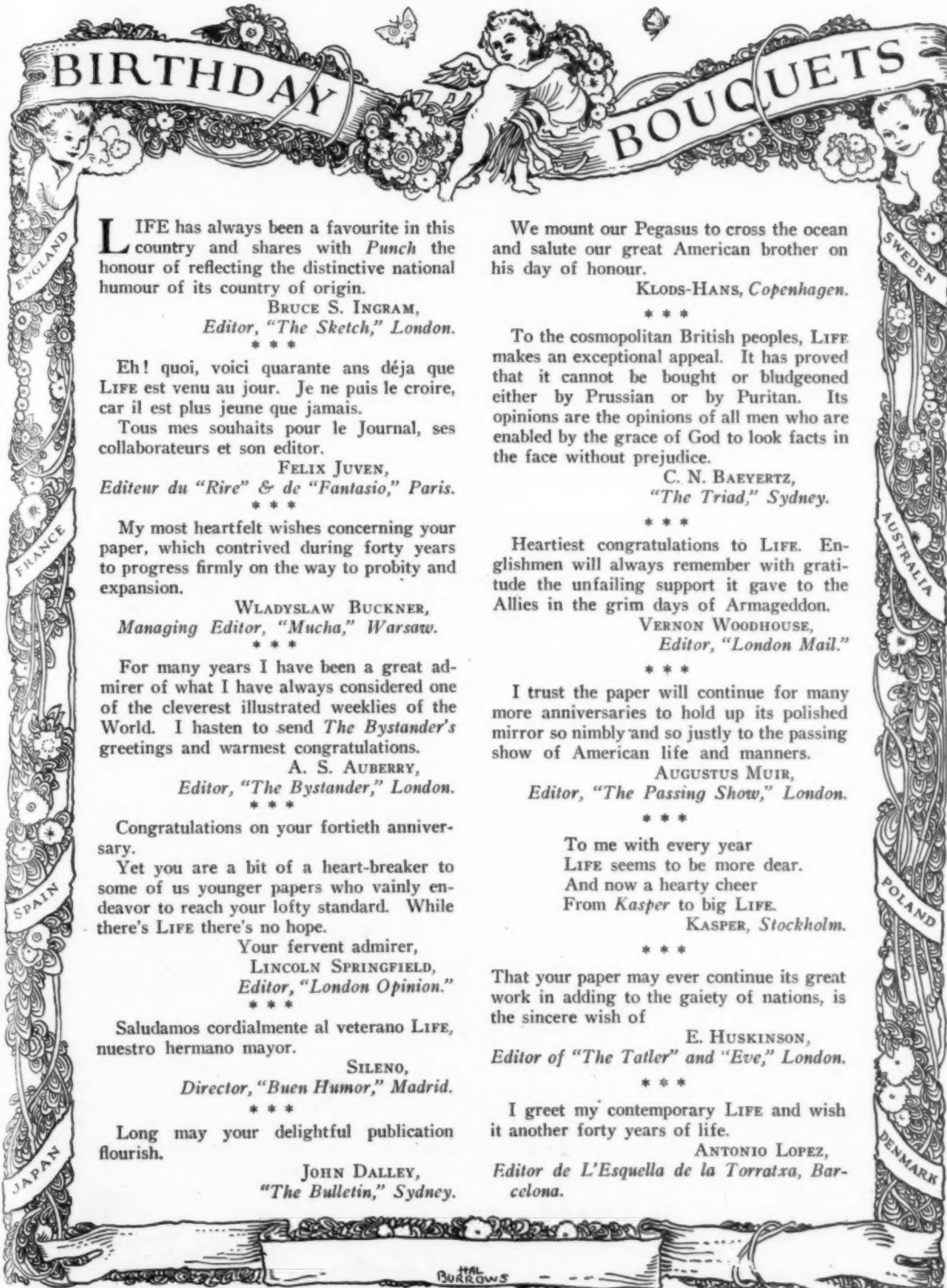
An awful much

To blame?

B. I.



Bluebeard!



**L**IFE has always been a favourite in this country and shares with *Punch* the honour of reflecting the distinctive national humour of its country of origin.

BRUCE S. INGRAM,  
Editor, "*The Sketch*," London.  
\* \* \*

Eh! quoi, voici quarante ans déjà que *LIFE* est venu au jour. Je ne puis le croire, car il est plus jeune que jamais.

Tous mes souhaits pour le *Journal*, ses collaborateurs et son editor.

FELIX JUVEN,  
Editeur du "*Rire*" & de "*Fantasio*," Paris.  
\* \* \*

My most heartfelt wishes concerning your paper, which contrived during forty years to progress firmly on the way to probity and expansion.

WLADYSLAW BUCKNER,  
Managing Editor, "*Mucha*," Warsaw.  
\* \* \*

For many years I have been a great admirer of what I have always considered one of the cleverest illustrated weeklies of the World. I hasten to send *The Bystander's* greetings and warmest congratulations.

A. S. AUBERRY,  
Editor, "*The Bystander*," London.  
\* \* \*

Congratulations on your fortieth anniversary.

Yet you are a bit of a heart-breaker to some of us younger papers who vainly endeavor to reach your lofty standard. While there's *LIFE* there's no hope.

Your fervent admirer,  
LINCOLN SPRINGFIELD,  
Editor, "*London Opinion*."  
\* \* \*

Saludamos cordialmente al veterano *LIFE*, nuestro hermano mayor.

SILENO,  
Director, "*Buen Humor*," Madrid.  
\* \* \*

Long may your delightful publication flourish.

JOHN DALLEY,  
"*The Bulletin*," Sydney.

We mount our Pegasus to cross the ocean and salute our great American brother on his day of honour.

KLODS-HANS, Copenhagen.  
\* \* \*

To the cosmopolitan British peoples, *LIFE* makes an exceptional appeal. It has proved that it cannot be bought or bludgeoned either by Prussian or by Puritan. Its opinions are the opinions of all men who are enabled by the grace of God to look facts in the face without prejudice.

C. N. BAEVERTZ,  
"*The Triad*," Sydney.  
\* \* \*

Heartiest congratulations to *LIFE*. Englishmen will always remember with gratitude the unfailing support it gave to the Allies in the grim days of Armageddon.

VERNON WOODHOUSE,  
Editor, "*London Mail*."  
\* \* \*

I trust the paper will continue for many more anniversaries to hold up its polished mirror so nimbly and so justly to the passing show of American life and manners.

AUGUSTUS MUIR,  
Editor, "*The Passing Show*," London.  
\* \* \*

To me with every year  
*LIFE* seems to be more dear.  
And now a hearty cheer  
From *Kasper* to big *LIFE*.

KASPER, Stockholm.  
\* \* \*

That your paper may ever continue its great work in adding to the gaiety of nations, is the sincere wish of

E. HUSKINSON,  
Editor of "*The Tatler*" and "*Eve*," London.  
\* \* \*

I greet my contemporary *LIFE* and wish it another forty years of life.

ANTONIO LOPEZ,  
Editor de *L'Esquella de la Torratxa*, Barcelona.





### "Shadows"

HAVING seen Lon Chaney in "Shadows," I am compelled to take back some of the things I have said about the inability of white actors to play Chinese rôles. When I made these statements, I was thinking more of white actresses who are willing—nay, eager!—to wear cute mandarin coats from Vantine's and appear as little *Lotus Blossom*, but who won't take any chances with Oriental make-up on their highly profitable countenances.

Mr. Chaney goes the limit, and actually manages to look like a Chinaman. Aside from this artificial perfection, his performance is remarkable—probably the best that he has turned in to date.

"Shadows," in fact, is a splendid picture, possessing a story of striking originality and genuine dramatic strength. It was written by Wilbur Daniel Steele, and was included one year in O'Brien's anthology of American short stories. It has received intelligent treatment in the movie, from Mr. Chaney, from Tom Forman, the director, and from everyone else in the cast.

I hope that the readers of this page will not fail to see "Shadows," if the opportunity presents. It is worth while.

### "The Beautiful and Damned"

MOTION picture critics should never read books. Previous knowledge of stories is apt to mar their appreciation of screen adaptations which might otherwise appear as masterpieces of the cinematographic art.

There is, for instance, "The

Beautiful and Damned." I read Scott Fitzgerald's novel, and I saw the Warner Brothers' film version of it. And oh, the difference to me!

The best part of the book, by far, was the end. *Gloria* and *Anthony*, after having sunk to the proverbial depths of depravity, inherited a colossal fortune, and then set sail for Europe full of confidence in their ability to continue the decline. Fitzgerald conveyed the idea in his novel that this inheritance was the final shove to a pair who had already managed to slide disgracefully low.

In the movie, however, the sudden wealth takes on a religious aspect. It serves to purge the hero and heroine of their manifold sins and wickednesses, and in the final subtitle *Anthony* says, "Gloria, darling, from now on I shall try to be worthy of our fortune and you."

Nevertheless, I am glad that I read the book. If I hadn't, I might never have known what the picture is all about.

### "Quincy Adams Sawyer"

ONE more tottering relic of the "Way Down East" era has limped into the movies, which means that there is now one less to be disposed of before we shall have done with the old b'gosh dramas for all time.

"Quincy Adams Sawyer" is better than most of its kind, because it is enlivened with some exceedingly broad comedy which takes the curse off the hokum. Of course there is a river scene at the finish, in which the hero saves his girl from destruction at the brink of a waterfall. Naturally enough, this stunt has lost most of its punch, because the issue is never in doubt.

Interest in this type of ham melodrama would be revived considerably if some hero should ever let the girl slide into the turbulent whirlpool. As the thing stands now, there is no semblance of sportsmanship in the contest. The fight between *Virtue* and *Vice* is always too palpably fixed.

### "Broken Chains"

THE story which lurks behind the photoplay, "Broken Chains," won the first prize in a movie scenario contest, and the lucky author received the substantial sum of \$10,000,—which is a lot of money.

I do not say that the award was unjust, as I have not seen the other manuscripts which were submitted to the judges. But they must have been terrible. For "Broken Chains," as viewed on the screen, is silly, illogical, unreal and utterly unoriginal.

In acting and photography, it is a little better than average. But these virtues are purely superficial and useless. When you see a building crumbling because of a rotten foundation, you can not summon up much enthusiasm over the color of the shingles on its roof.

These movie contests are supposed to stimulate thoughtfulness and intelligence in the public. But that is the original bunk. They have stimulated nothing but the circulation of the papers in whose columns they have been conducted.

Not that I wish to seem bitter. The fact that I once failed to win a prize in a contest to decide a new slogan for Pompeian Massage Cream has nothing whatever to do with my attitude in this case. R. E. S.  
(Recent developments will be found on page 31.)







FRANKLIN  
NEW BODY STYLES  
NOW ON DISPLAY





### Something Wrong Somewhere

The Dallas *News* says editorially: "There is something wrong when an Italian dock worker knows more of the delights of music than an American Bank President." The banker thinks so too, and discusses with his associates plans for educating the dock worker to quit wasting his time.

—Kansas City Star.

### The Principal Attraction

ABERDONIAN: Hoo did I like London? Grand! Yon's the place for me. Every time ye go into a restaurant ye find tuppence under yer plate!

—London Daily News.

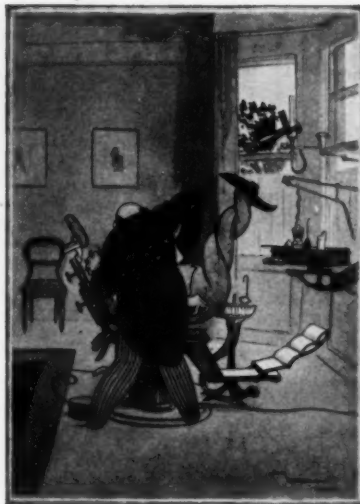
### Public Life

"What is the most annoying feature of public life?"

"Not getting enough publicity," replied Senator Sorghum.

—Washington Star.

EVERY bootlegger appears to be entitled to a fair trial by a jury of his patrons.—Detroit Free Press.



### THE EXPERIMENT

—H. M. Bateman, in *The Tatler* (London).

### Great Men's Wives

Our young friend X. relates that he was at a house party recently and found among the guests Mr. and Mrs. Houdini. One evening a summons came from the hostess for aid in arranging a buffet supper. Mrs. Houdini peered through the window and observed her husband standing near the centre of activity. "I see Mr. Houdini's in there," she remarked, "but he won't be any good to them."

"You know," she added in a burst of confidence, "he's the most helpless man in the world."—New York World.

### The Saturnine Scot

"The Spaniard gets little amusement from hearing his language spoken by foreigners," says an evening paper.

Unlike the Scotsman, who loves to hear you pronounce Auchtermuchty, or Ardnamurchan.—Humorist (London).

### At the Ticket Window

"Is this seat close to the stage?"

"It's in row B, madam. If it was much closer you'd have to perform."

—Boston Transcript

CONDUCTOR: Shamokin! Shamokin!

IRISH PASSENGER: No, playing cards. —Penn State Froth.

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**M**ANUFACTURING costs and prices of raw materials have fluctuated widely during the past seven years—but since 1915 every Robt. Burns cigar produced has been full Havana filled. To adhere to such a manufacturing standard required courage—but we have been rewarded by the unprecedented demand for Robt. Burns cigars which today prevails everywhere.

Have you tried one lately?

Popular sizes, 10c to 15c

General Cigar Co., Inc.

NATIONAL BRANDS  
NEW YORK CITY

Robt. Burns  
Cigar is  
Full Havana  
Filled



### "Doing" the Devastated Regions

"What city did he say this was?"

"Dunno! We'll look 'em all up on the map when we get to Paris this afternoon."

## The Latest Books

(Continued from page 22)

was an underestimate. The number would have to be at least 2,000,000.

Dr. Franklin explains why millions of decent law-abiding citizens openly violate the supreme law of the land. He doesn't believe that there has been any radical change in the American character, but finds a reason for the popular refusal to obey the Volstead Act in the fact that the Eighteenth Amendment is a crime against the Constitution of the United States, in that it violates the principle which lies at the bottom of respect for all law:—that governments exist to protect inalienable rights and liberties. This may not interest the mob of foolish people who have been running around in circles complaining that Prohibition was "put over" without their knowledge, and demanding that something be done about it. It should arouse all who are concerned about the maintenance of American institutions to a sense of the grave dangers involved in the attempt to make regulation of personal tastes and habits a permanent national policy.

**"TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH"** (Dutton), Leonard Merrick's latest child, is a bonnie bairn. More than that, it is a collection of short stories.

To us, the short-story Merrick is much more readable than the novel Merrick, possibly because the former medium is the better for the distillation of his gentle spirit. For Merrick is fragile—almost feminine; a blender of shades and shadows with a fluidity of technique that should cover the still dewy rose of Fannie Hurst with a blush of confused self-revelation. And that goes for Miss Edna Ferber and Mr. Rupert Hughes.

"To Tell You the Truth" is true to the Merrick strain. It tells again and again of sacrifice and suffering with their eventual reward. Merrick is an author for—we dare say it—the middle aged. He is concerned with lives that have given much to gain little. His heroes and heroines are people of regrets, wistful with a fast-vanishing vision of what may still be. Sometimes—at the last bitter moment, they find their heart's desire. Sometimes—that is as he sees fit.

In a publishers' note, Messrs. Dutton explain that "To Tell You the Truth" contains "no Introduction by a distinguished professional colleague of Mr. Merrick."

Somehow, it doesn't need it.



## A 10-Day Test

Which ten million people have made

This delightful test which we offer you has been made by ten million people. It has taught the homes of some 50 nations a new teeth-cleaning method.

Dentists the world over also urge this method. Thus the past five years have opened a new dental era.

If you don't know these benefits, send and learn them now.

### Combat the film

Try combating the film on teeth. See how they improve.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Discolored by stains, it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. That's why beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

### Very few escaped

Old ways of brushing left much of that film intact. There it remained to constantly threaten serious damage. So, despite all care, tooth troubles were increasing until very few escaped.

Then dental science sought ways to fight that film. After long research, two ways were discovered. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then dentists began to advise them. A new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. Those two film combatants were embodied in it for daily application. That tooth paste, called Pepsodent, is now used wherever careful people live.

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U.S.

### The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

### Combats acids, too

Pepsodent brings other much desired effects. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth.



### Teeth glisten everywhere today

You can see the results wherever you look. Teeth glisten which once were dim. Beautiful teeth are now more common, and people smile to show them.

Those prettier teeth mean cleaner, safer teeth. They mean that those people will hereafter have better tooth protection. They mean that children are better protected from what you may have suffered from the teeth.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

A few days will convince you that you need this method. Cut out the coupon now.

### 10-Day Tube Free <sup>995</sup>

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 642, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family





### "MY FIRST RABBIT"

"Stop! I know that story; you've already told it to me fifteen times."  
"But this time I've got a new twist to it."

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### An Old Billiard Drinker

One of those little migratory stories that pop up and sometimes travel all over the country by word of mouth concerns a tenderfoot who, seeing a sign on a little Western saloon which read, "Soft Drinks and Billiards," went in and said in his gruffest tones: "Gimme a Billiard!"

The bartender, seeing that the man really thought a billiard was something to drink, started to make up a mixture of everything he had in the place, including the bar polish.

The stranger took the mess, swallowed a mouthful, and turned red in the face.

Game to the finish, however, he gulped down the remainder.

"Well, how'd you like that?" asked the bartender grimly.

"Well," replied the tenderfoot, "if I wasn't an old billiard drinker I'd say that was concentrated lye."

—Youngstown Telegram.

### Impasse

"That woman is the most awful actress I ever saw," said the mild-mannered man to his neighbor.

"That lady is my wife," replied the neighbor.

"I am wrong," said the m. m. m.: "she is a good actress struggling with a rotten play. I wonder what fool wrote it."

"Unfortunately, I am the author," said the neighbor simply.

—Columbia Jester.

### The Eternal Cause

"What's the matter, little girl?"

"Two boys were fightin' and I got struck with a stone."

"That's it; the innocent bystander always gets hurt."

"But I don't know as I was an innocent bystander. I was what they was fightin' about!"

—Weekly Telegraph (London).

### The Doctrine of Chance

HE: Was your father very angry when you told him of our engagement?

SHE: Not particularly. He said he'd been rather fortunate in the stock market of late, and figured it was about time for his luck to turn.

—Boston Transcript.

### Consideration

"There's a poor man outside who wants something to eat."

"Give him some bread and potatoes."

"But he seems to have seen better days."

"All right; give him a napkin, too."

—Karikaturen (Christiana).

### Vantage Ground

THE CALLER: Your master promised faithfully to settle my bill to-day.

THE VALET: Not if I know it—it's my turn first!

—London Opinion.

It begins to look as if the Greeks will have to fight for freedom from the freedom for which they last fought.

—Glasgow Bulletin.

## Mouquin, Vermont

BORDEAUX  
FRANCE

REAL VERMOUTH—  
as made by us during  
64 years of wine making at  
Bordeaux, France. Just 5  
ounces of pure alcohol re-  
moved from each bottle for  
use in this country.

French or Italian Style.

Demand the Genuine.

"Original Recipes"

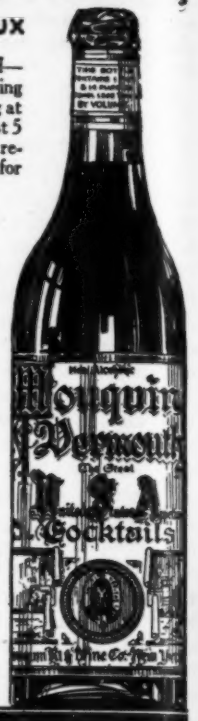
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Wine Co.

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Local Dealers Desired



### Decline of the Drama

He always claimed that he had worked with Booth and Barrett and this got him much consideration where actors gathered. But if asked about any of his parts he would answer: "I did hoof beats." And then he would always add: "The drama has gone to pot."

"Why so?"

"Anybody can do honks outside."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### A Shilling in London

FINANCIER: I haven't any more change now, waiter; I'll give you your tip to-morrow.

WAITER: Sorry, sir, but I'm afraid I am not in a position to give credit.

—Passing Show (London).

THE CANDIDATE: My friends, how shall we get out of this bed of thistles onto the bright plains of our desire?

EX-CADDIE: Take a niblick, guv'nor.

—Bystander (London).

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BERMUDA**

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Entertaining  
To-night?

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A Welcome Guest  
at Formal Dinner  
or Informal Supper

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Apollinaris Agency Co., New York  
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street

### DON'T APOLOGIZE!

It is absolutely useless to apologize to your friends for your failure to dance well, because apologies are not acceptable. It is rank laziness and selfishness not to be able to dance, and besides it is a serious reflection on your sociability. Poor dancers are not wanted anywhere; they are ignored, embarrassed and humiliated.



### FREE TRIAL

Good dancers, on the other hand, need no card of introduction; they easily win admiration, popularity and friends and are cheerfully welcomed everywhere.

Therefore, don't envy a good dancer! Be one and enjoy social success and happiness.

### LEARN TO DANCE TO MUSIC—AT HOME!

Perfect results in one lesson

Here is an absolutely new way to learn to dance. Prof. Morgan D. Stern, New York's famous dancing master, teaches you to dance in the privacy of your own home in one evening. This wonderful new instruction method is like having Prof. Stern right at your side. There is a double-faced 10-inch phonograph record which can be played on any standard talking machine. Prof. Stern's voice tells you exactly what to do while the celebrated Terrace Orchestra plays the latest dance music in perfect time. A booklet, "The Art of Dancing," accompanies the record. Turning, Sliding, Walking—every step made so plain and simple that a child can learn, as well as grown-ups.

So sure is Prof. Stern that he can teach you to dance perfectly, that he will send you the entire course for YOUR APPROVAL. Merely send your name and address and when the course arrives deposit \$1.95 plus postage, with the Postman. Keep the course three days. If you do not learn to dance perfectly, return the lessons and your money will be refunded without question. Send for the course today. Surprise your friends with your ability and become popular as a wonderful dancer in your social set.

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Sure Relief  
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25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

## THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

**Thirty Days.** *Paramount.*—A farce comedy, which takes occasional bursts of speed, but is generally too thin. Wallace Reid is the star.

**The Toll of the Sea.** *Metro.*—Some excellent acting by a little Chinese girl named Anna May Wong, and some beautiful color photography, give this picture a distinction which is as welcome as it is rare.

**Making a Man.** *Paramount.*—The first movie on record in which a Californian comes to New York to be made over. The idea is so new that it is almost shocking, but after you get over the first tidal wave of incredulity, you will find that the picture itself is singularly entertaining.

**East Is West.** *First National.*—Constance Talmadge is deliberately cute as little Ming Toy, who turns out to be a white girl after all. There is some good comedy, and an unusually adroit performance by Warner Oland.

**Outcast.** *Paramount.*—Elsie Ferguson in a drama which suffers materially because vice is not permitted to exist on the screen.

**Lorna Doone.** *First National.*—A picture which possesses great basic merits, most of which have been lost because of careless editing and slipshod presentation.

**Robin Hood.** *United Artists.*—You will find it in the third niche on your left as you enter the Hall of Fame.

**One Exciting Night.** *United Artists.*—David Wark Griffith went to see "The Bat," and so a new movie was born. Without borrowing anything more than the usual stock tricks of mystery melodrama, he has made a singularly thrilling film.

**For Review Next Week.**—"Dr. Jack," "The Stranger's Banquet," "The Hottentot," and "High Speed Lee."

### Correspondence

Copy of Letter Recently Dispatched to the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:

Now that you are raiding so many illicit stills and waging so active a war against bootlegging, I wish, in the strictest confidence, to call your attention to some particularly brazen bootleggers who have thus far escaped your vigilance.

I allude, of course, to the Editors of LIFE, a group of men who are distilling spirits on an unprecedented scale in a suspicious-looking loft building on Madison Avenue. For forty years they have brewed a very choice brand of good spirits there, in sufficient quantities and of sufficient potency to intoxicate two hundred and fifty thousand people every week of the year. The stimulation, exhilaration and intemperate hilarity resulting from a nation-wide consumption of their mellow brew is a constant menace to our Puritan and God-fearing people.

Watchfully and waitingly yours,  
FRANK CROWNINSHIELD.

# 57

HEINZ Tomato Ketchup makes everything on the table taste better. It's bound to—made of only luscious, red-ripe tomatoes pure granulated sugar, the purest of spices—and cooked and seasoned in Heinz spotless kitchens.

HEINZ  
Tomato Ketchup





Time to Re-tire?  
Buy  
**FISK**

### The Prohibition Alphabet

A is for antis who plan a parade.  
B stands for bevo and bad lemonade.  
C is for cellar, the temple of hooch.  
D is for drinks, costing more than a brooch.  
E is for everyman, brewing his own.  
F is the fine that you pay with a groan.  
G is for gin, will it ever return?  
H is the hooch in the family urn.  
I is for industry, stirring the brew.  
J is the judge who will make you feel blue.  
K is for kick—more or less is the rule.  
L is the lore of the home-brewing school.  
M is the money you pay for a drink.  
NO is the answer you get for your wink.  
P is the port you remember with tears.  
Q is the quest for the flagon that cheers.  
R is for rum, quite a demon was he.  
S is the stuff that they sell on the sea.  
T is for temperance, whitens the nose.  
U is um, um, makes you twinkle your toes.  
V is the vats which the chemists all use.  
W, wink, and they hand you the booze.  
X is a ten-spot, the cost of a quart.  
Y is a yacht full of sherry and port.  
Z is the zest with which agents go round.  
Sampling the stuff that their noses have found.  
T. F. M.

### All Right

HE was a large man of a determined look and athletic proportions, and he had been standing on my foot for some time before I ventured to say to him: "Sir," said I, "you are a stranger to me and you will pardon me, perhaps, for speaking first and without an introduction, but there is something—what shall I say?—something impressive about you, something that impresses me greatly." (Here I made a slight movement of my pedal extremity, enough to indicate that life in it was not quite extinct.) "Not that I mind being stepped on," I hastened to add, smiling encouragingly; "on the contrary, to be stepped on is the story of my life. All the same, I do not know you; besides, if I did, there are others here, who have paid their fare, just as you have, and who may be waiting their turn.

Perhaps I spoke hastily; small things easily irritate me. A look of confusion as he instantly shifted his weight to a blind man opposite, who

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BATHING beaches of pure white coral sand, splendid 18-hole golf courses, tennis, driving, boating and fishing. Weekly sailings on the magnificent transatlantic liner *ARAGUAYA*, 17,500 tons displacement, the largest steamer to Bermuda. No passport required.

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Jan. 24 Feb. 24

The S. S. *ORCA*, the newest, largest and most luxurious vessel engaged in West Indies cruises, sails to Nassau, Havana, Kingston, Colon, La Guayra, Trinidad, Barbados, Martinique, St. Thomas, San Juan and Bermuda.

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would not be likely to notice the obstruction, mollified me in a moment. "It's all right, it's all right," I hastened to assure him. "And mind you," said I, laying a conciliatory finger upon his arm, the better to enforce my argument, "mind you, when I say it's *all right*, you understand you're dealing with a good fellow, and a 100% American. Get me? You know," I continued patiently, "when a guy pokes his umbrella in your eye in this country, or bumps you in a crowd, or picks your pocket, or maybe picks your wife (not knowing it's your wife, of course), or anyway steps on your foot here, figuratively speaking, and apologizes,—in other words, when anything is *all wrong*, everything is *all right* in America. It's our watchword, our national anthem, the sign by which you know us. Am I right?"

"Sure, go ahead," he replied. "If you got anything on your chest, spit it out. It's all right. My mistake. I t'ought youse was deaf and dumb."

W. J. D.



"They mikes me tired—these 'ere wimmin wanting to sit in Parlyment. A woman's plice is in 'er 'ome."

—London Opinion.



# WHOOPEE!

*Ride'Er, Cowboy - Let'Er Buck!*

Come on, you Mavericks, take the hobbles off the old paint-horse and strike out for the new excitement over at the Double-L Ranch—the biggest roundup of A-1 brand humor that ever made a sheep-herder go loco.

Which the same is the Western Number of LIFE, due to hit town on Thursday, January 18th, with the greatest bunch of busters you ever saw in one corral; quick on the draw and able to ride any Pegasus pinto without once choking the horn.



*Some of the boys positively due to appear are:*

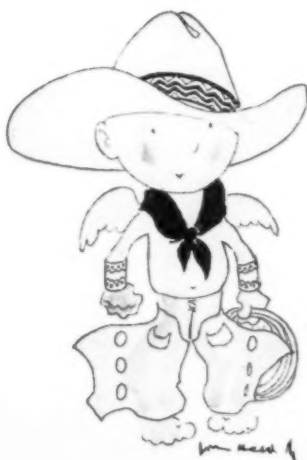
WILL ROGERS  
CATS HERFORD  
SWEDE PETERS

FOOTLIGHTS BENCHLEY  
SURE-SHOT SHERWOOD  
WILD BILL HANEMANN

HILO JACK HELD  
SANTIAGO AZOY  
HIPPO SULLIVANT

*(WARNING: Any hombre wishful to start anything, remember that Sheriff Go-get-'em Shipman will be in charge!)*

And speaking of LIFE, friend, why don't you go heeled with a sense of humor right along? It don't cost much to pack a trial—put a head stall over an iron man, and send it to the Ranch Boss, pronto. He'll rustle you a copy every week for 3 months.



*Don't disobey that  
there Impulse,  
pard!*

**Ranch Boss,  
LIFE Ranch,**

598 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

Please sign me up for a 3 months' trial with the Double-L outfit. Here's a dollar for my ante.

204

(\$1.20 if you had to go over the border; \$1.40 if you live in foreign parts.)

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NO matter what style, color, or weight of silk stocking you need for any occasion, you can find it in McCallum Silk Hosiery. Numbers 105, 113, 122, 199 in black, and 152, 153, 199

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